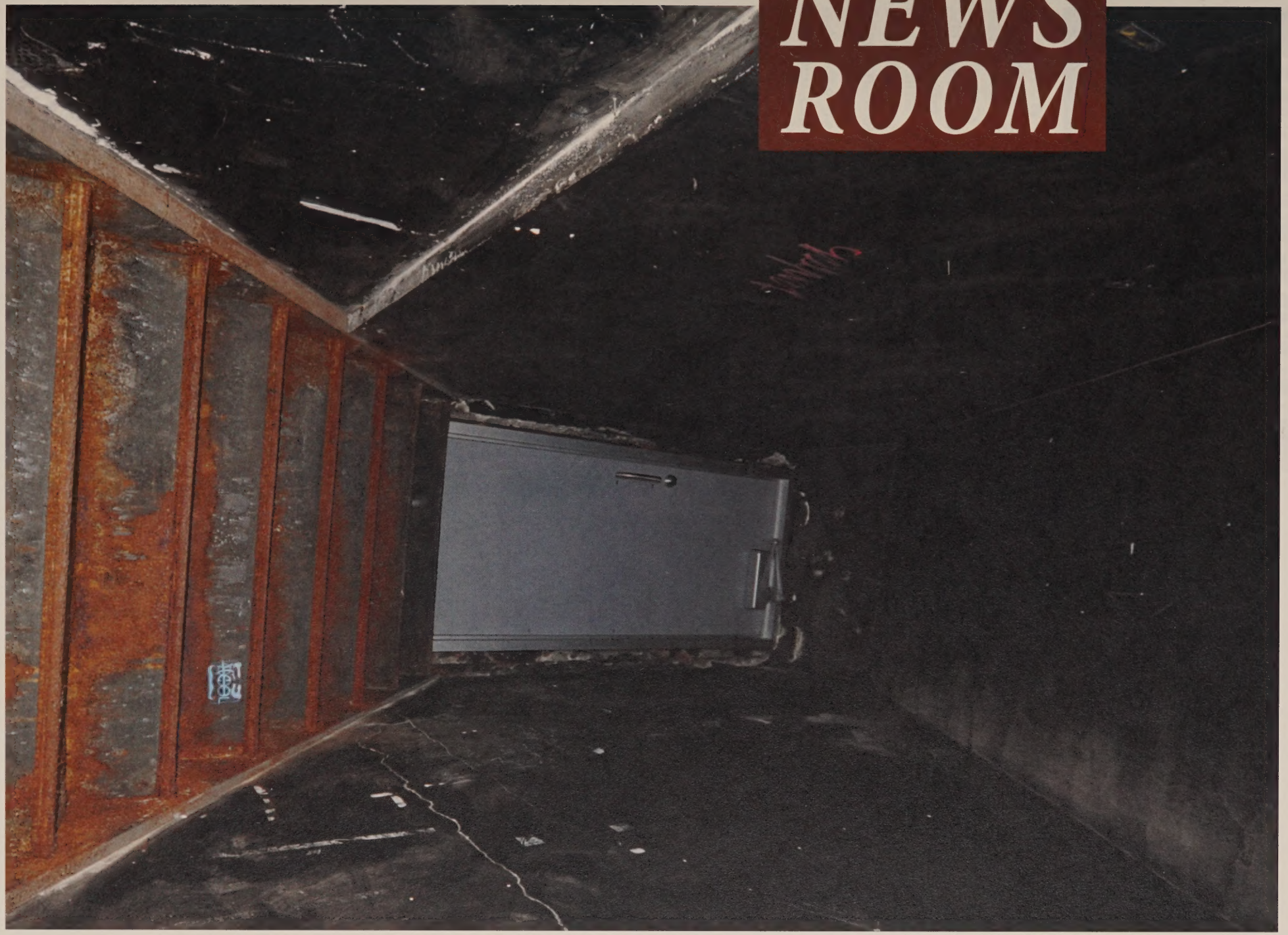
NEWS ROOM



ISSUE 1: SUPERNATURAL

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JIM WEINER and the *ALLAGASH ABDUCTIONS*

words: **Caroline Casey**
photo: **Ashleigh Tait**

Thirty nine years ago, MassArt technology administrator Jim Weiner was abducted by aliens. He and his brother Jack and two friends Charlie Foltz and Chuck Rak were all students at MassArt and on summer break at the time of the incident. The four students were on a fishing trip in Allagash, Maine, and on a boat when they noticed a strange light coming out of the trees, not even ten minutes into their expedition. It was described as a bright fluid yellow light with soft edges. They were more curious than fearful at first. "It made no noise at all." Jim says, "There were no threatening hums or whines or anything like that. It was going very slowly." In Charlie Foltz's words, "It was just alive. And when it was near us about a hundred yards away it paused, and when it paused, I said to the fellas 'I'll shine a flashlight and see what it does'".

The instant Foltz shined the flashlight, it sent a beam of light that Jim says "Lit up like a roman candle. As soon as the light came out this thing started moving." Startled and confused, Jim realized that something was really happening, and that it was not just a figment of his imagination. The next thing they remembered about the experience was that they were back on shore at dawn. They didn't talk about it for two years.

In 1978 Jim got into a car accident and developed temporal lobe epilepsy, around the same time memories started to resurface about what happened two years prior in Allagash. He suffered very vivid nightmares along with his seizures. "I remember seeing vague figures. Anthropomorphic in shape but they did not seem new to me." Jim described his dreams to his twin brother Jack who was also present at the time of the abduction, and Jack admitted that he was experiencing the same nightmares. They described some of the memories of the abduction as being searched as if the creatures were curious about humans.

Jim said that they were human shaped but that they were not human. They had large metallic glowing eyes with no eyelids and large heads, and long necks. They had wand shaped instruments about 14 inches long. Jim remembers watching the creatures "scan" his brother Jack's wrists and shoulders with the wand devices and he recalls being scared that the creatures were going to hurt his brother. He estimates that they were with the creatures for two or three hours total.

As artists, Jim and his brother and friends were able to illustrate what they remembered from the abduction. All four of them had what seems like the same experience. All were evaluated by a psychiatrist and were proven to be mentally stable. They also all passed lie detector tests.

Ever since, Jim has appeared on talk shows, written a book, and has been to numerous UFO conventions, and the story was featured on "Unsolved Mysteries". Today, Mr. Jim Weiner works in the computer lab in Tower specializing in macintosh computers. Jim's experience not only influenced his art and his own life, but has also influenced the way people today think about extraterrestrial life.

the *MYSTERY* of the *TOWER BUILDING*

"There's word going around that they may have to tear it down in a few years!" whispered an anxious Greg Wallace to me on the 12th floor of Tower in the Library, as if the walls may catch wind of what he was saying and come crashing down in response.

Okay, so he didn't whisper. And no walls were listening.

But it's true as day, my misfortunate Tower-dwellers, that your beloved but oh-so-inefficient building may be coming down! According to Greg, who is a wealth of information by the way (go find him!), "the irregular shape of the building creates a lot of unusable space" and it's ridden with leaks!!

Alright, art students, now brace yourself for a bunch of numbers that you really don't want to see – I know you're actually here because you hate Math. Me too.

But according to a *recent* Space Study conducted in June 2013, the tower building which was built in 1977 "will reach the end of its systems cycle" in 36 years from its making.

Which means 2014. Which was last year.

How badass does it feel heading to that required liberal arts class at 9:45AM, sitting in your chair on the 5th floor, knowing that the first thing you did this morning (I know you didn't shower, you don't fool me) is seat yourself in a building that actually shouldn't exist?

And guess what else? Tower wasn't even built for us! Apologies for feeding your insecurities about being insufficient in advance. It was built for Boston State College. "Heating and ventilating, plumbing, electrical and lighting infrastructure is all inadequate to fully service art-making activities."

#leftovers much?

You're all probably wondering what idiot built the damned thing. I've been asking the same question, and so far I have collected five rumors, each a little stranger than the other (kind of like our student population).

1. He faked his architecture degree. Architecture majors – a skill you might need to pick up.
2. He was a twisted soul... NAZI ALERT.
3. He's currently in jail.
4. He built Tower oddly just to confuse students. The best-funded joke ever made.
5. He was an alien from outer space who could see through walls. Thus the auditorium balcony with a wall blocking the view to the stage is a problem he could not have anticipated. Obviously.

So all the strange corners and oddly large empty spaces and over-generously sized "vertical circulation core" now make a lot more sense since we know that the architect in jail is a Nazi-x-ray-vision-alien with a great sense of humor and a fake degree.

The good news (not really) is that the government has approved a 10-year plan for the reconstruction of the Tower building. This would have been super reassuring and kind of exciting except for two minor (again, not really) things-

1. The building reached the end of its cycle a year ago. Can we afford to push it 10 more?
2. WHERE WILL ALL THE STUDENTS GO IS MASSART GOING TO SHUT DOWN FOR 10 YEARS CAN I GRADUATE FIRST PLEASE I'D LIKE TO HAVE A DEGREE PLEASE.

Have a great week. Well, as great as it can get when you're studying in a building that's past its prime.

words and photo by Illesha Khandelwal

from massart.edu:

4. Quality, Maintenance and Operation of Existing Spaces should be a Priority

From both the point of view of reality and perception, the condition of existing instructional spaces needs general improvement along the lines of the many factors discussed above. Fortunately, recent new spaces that have been brought on line have been greeted with enthusiasm and also provide a standard to guide campus-wide improvements.

5. Tower Building is the Biggest Challenge and Opportunity

While the Tower Building commands the largest portion of Instructional Space on the campus it remains one of the most resistant to improvement due to infrastructure problems, inefficient circulation and layout. Departments which have grown to within each other's borders must now make compromises with each other, and in some cases, split their departments in order to gain necessary space. Consolidating or relocating departments in a more rational way is a major undertaking that would disrupt multiple programs. Add to this the fact that DCAMM is now conducting a Tower Analysis which is considering many alternatives including replacing the Tower Building, making any significant investment in renovation premature. However, due to its low Net/Gross ratio simple solutions to increasing the assignable square footage may be identified with further study.

6. South Building and Kennedy Building are the Next Biggest Challenge and Opportunity

Both the South Building and the Kennedy Building experience adjacency conflicts between two different departments. In South it is the Art Education and Studio Foundation programs. In Kennedy it is the Photography and Painting programs. There is evidence that all of these programs could continue to grow. Recent and planned capital improvements in both these buildings may present the opportunity for an integrated solution to the needs of all four programs.

SIX QUESTIONS with the *PRESIDENT*

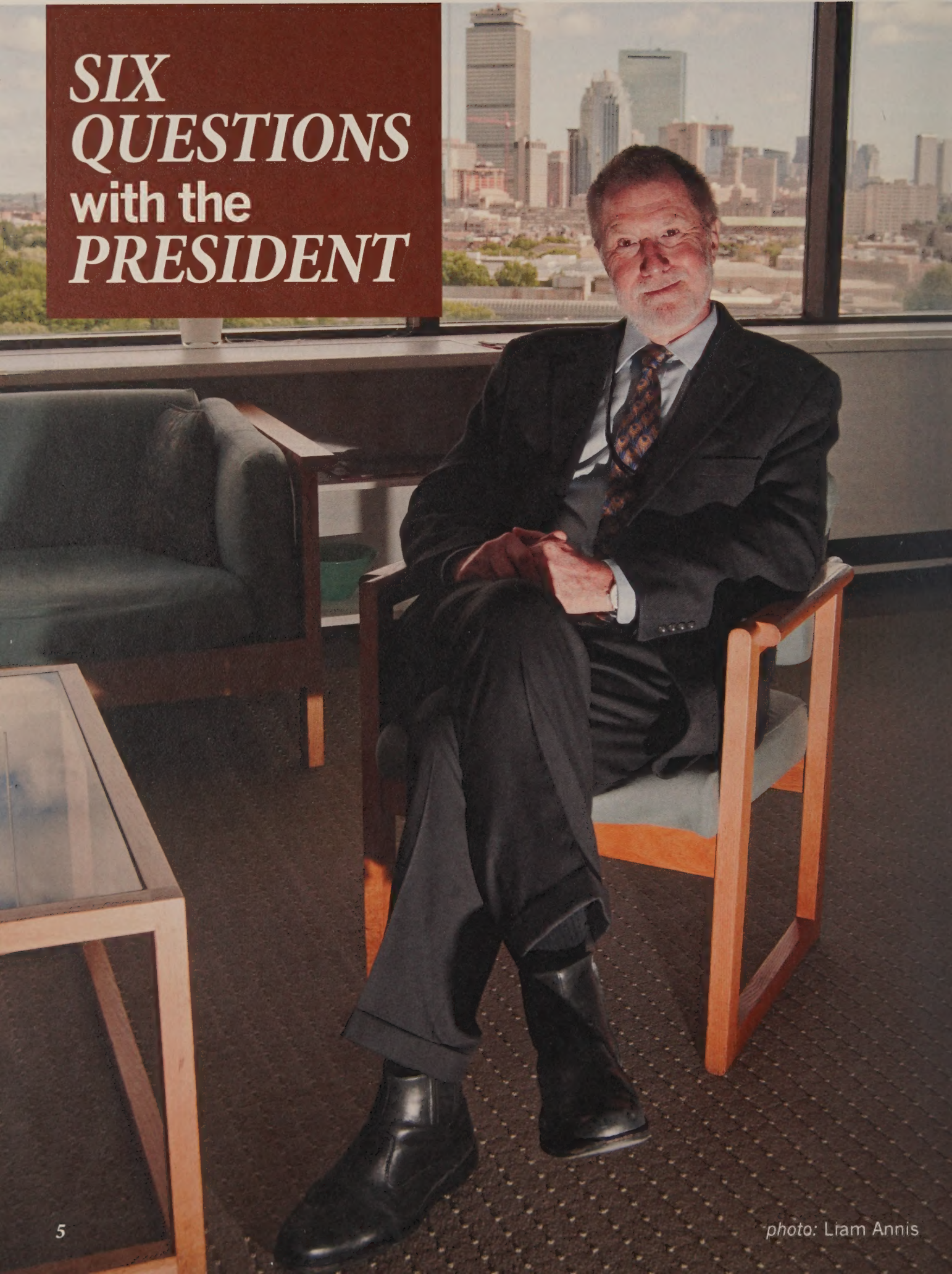


photo: Liam Annis

Editor-in-Chief Liam Annis sat down with the president of MassArt to address some spooky rumors about the college.

Name? Age?
Ken Strickland, 65

How long have you been president?
A week, I was just named the interim president on September 8th; there is a search process going on to find the permanent president.

What is your favorite part about the job?
Engaging specifically across campuses, with all the offices, faculty students. It's working with the people, that's the most interesting and exciting part about the position.

What is your role as president?
As chief executive officer, there are many parts. Most importantly it's about working externally for the college. With legislature, state universities, within Boston, and within the commonwealth of Massachusetts.

When is the tower building coming down?
Well, I won't speak on the code compliance; in terms of the future, there was a plan that we were looking at, a ten year window of when we can examine more clearly for long term future. More recently that has been stepped up, hopefully within the next 5-7 years, we will have a clearer picture about the future of the tower building.

What do you know about Jim Weiner being abducted?
That is the first time I have heard that, although I heard a similar story regarding a person in our IT department.

NORTH HALL:

A ceramics major had plastered their entire body for a project in the stairwell leading up to the roof of North Hall. There are hand prints left on the walls going down the stairs, and a piece of a plastered hand in the doorway, but no other remnants. It seems as though they freed their hands of the plaster, but not the rest of their body, thereby suffocating on the stairs before finishing the project.

HAUNTED SPACES at *MASSART*

From well-known to unknown, three stories at MassArt as interpreted by Billy Sears

photos: Billy Sears

KENNEDY, 7TH FLOOR:

On the 7th floor of Kennedy, there used to be a greenhouse filled with broken windows and graffiti. They eventually tore it down to replace heating, ventilation, and air conditioning. Now, there are thousands of old chairs and furniture from the cafeteria up there. Fred Lopes, the janitor, is the only one allowed up there, and it is accessed by a special key. No one has seen the upstairs since the green house has been torn down; however, it is believed they relocated the greenhouse to another section of the 7th floor to do top secret experiments of which only janitors know.

TREEHOUSE:

There is a mattress pad that has been laid underneath a first floor stairwell for quite some time now. The stairs lead to an exit door that sounds the fire alarm, and this door can't be opened from the outside. There's no way to access this area without walking down from the third floor stairs. Therefore, somebody from inside the treehouse dragged the pad down there. A treehouse resident has been sneaking their homeless friend into the stairwell at night for a nap.

THAT ONE TIME I SUMMONED A GHOST BEFORE

by Katie DeMonte

photo: Billy Sears

It occurred in mid-May, a brisk night before my Sophomore review boards. My fellow classmates and I were returning to campus after going out to dinner to celebrate the end of a successful semester. It was around 11 pm as we were stomping our way down the sidewalks of Huntington Avenue, laughing at our jokes and sharing our anxieties for the critiques tomorrow. One conversation led to another, and maybe it was my bright idea, but we soon began to entertain the idea of fumbling around with a ouija board in one of the color darkrooms. Since I've always had an affinity for all things other-worldly, I quickly mentioned the board that I had in my room which I hadn't the guts to use since my friend gifted it to me as a joke.

We agreed to meet on the sixth floor of Kennedy in about 15 minutes, which left me enough time to run back to my suite, stuff the board in a bag along with some electric candles to set the vibe (because that was important). We gathered in the lab and chose the room at the very end. Since one needs to be in absolute darkness for printing color and the rooms provided privacy, this would be the perfect spot for us to mess around with spirits. We were fueled by excitement, curiosity, and definitely skepticism.

With the spirit board resting on a stool we found, we doused the lights and sat around it. The rooms were small and the five of us were crammed together in the dimly lit space but we shifted to get comfortable and rested our fingers delicately on the pointer. One of the girls with us had done this before and told us stories about her previous adventures with boards like this so we trusted her to lead the conversation. We began asking the typical questions to anyone - or anything - that may have been near us, such as: "Is there anyone that would like to speak with us?" and "Can you tell us your name?" After some time, the planchette started to glide across the board though some of us began to laugh it off.

"Are you moving it?" we questioned each other, heads turning to make sure no one was trying to mess with us. Five heads shook and the pointer still continued to move around, pointing to seemingly random letters like T, S, and H.

"They have to warm up," our leader spoke as it began to move faster, swirling around the board to form what seemed like gibberish. We decided to start asking more direct questions to see if we'll get more substantial answers. When we asked if it was a man, it slid over to the corner marked "yes." We laughed a little to ease the tension since it was the first real answer we received, then continued to ask what his name was. The pointer slowly moved over the letters W, O, and M, which we began to assume must have been his initials. Wildly guessing, one of the girls then asked him, "is your name William?"

Yes, it said.

At this point, we grew more excited since we finally had a name to match with this invisible force. Almost too eagerly, questions about his middle and last name are fired off and a few jokes begin to lead us astray. He doesn't reply to any of them for a moment and I started to think we might have scared him away. However, someone asks when he died and he replies with the date: 1903.

Shivers went down our spines as we realized how odd this was and we exchanged glances of amazement. Could it be real? Were we really talking to a deceased person?

With hesitation, someone then asked: "do you know how you died?"

No, he spelled out.

"Was it painful?"

Yes.

We felt sympathy for him and began to understand that this might be the reason why he was still hanging around here. We were desperate to get

more information out of him in case we wanted to look him up after all of this.

"Are you happy to have people to talk to?"

Yes.

"Did you have a family?" we asked. The room felt a little heavy and I remember the slight shivers I felt sitting there in the darkness. The pointer started to spell... O, M, E, and U. We looked at each other, unsure if he was trying to give us another acronym until it started to move again.

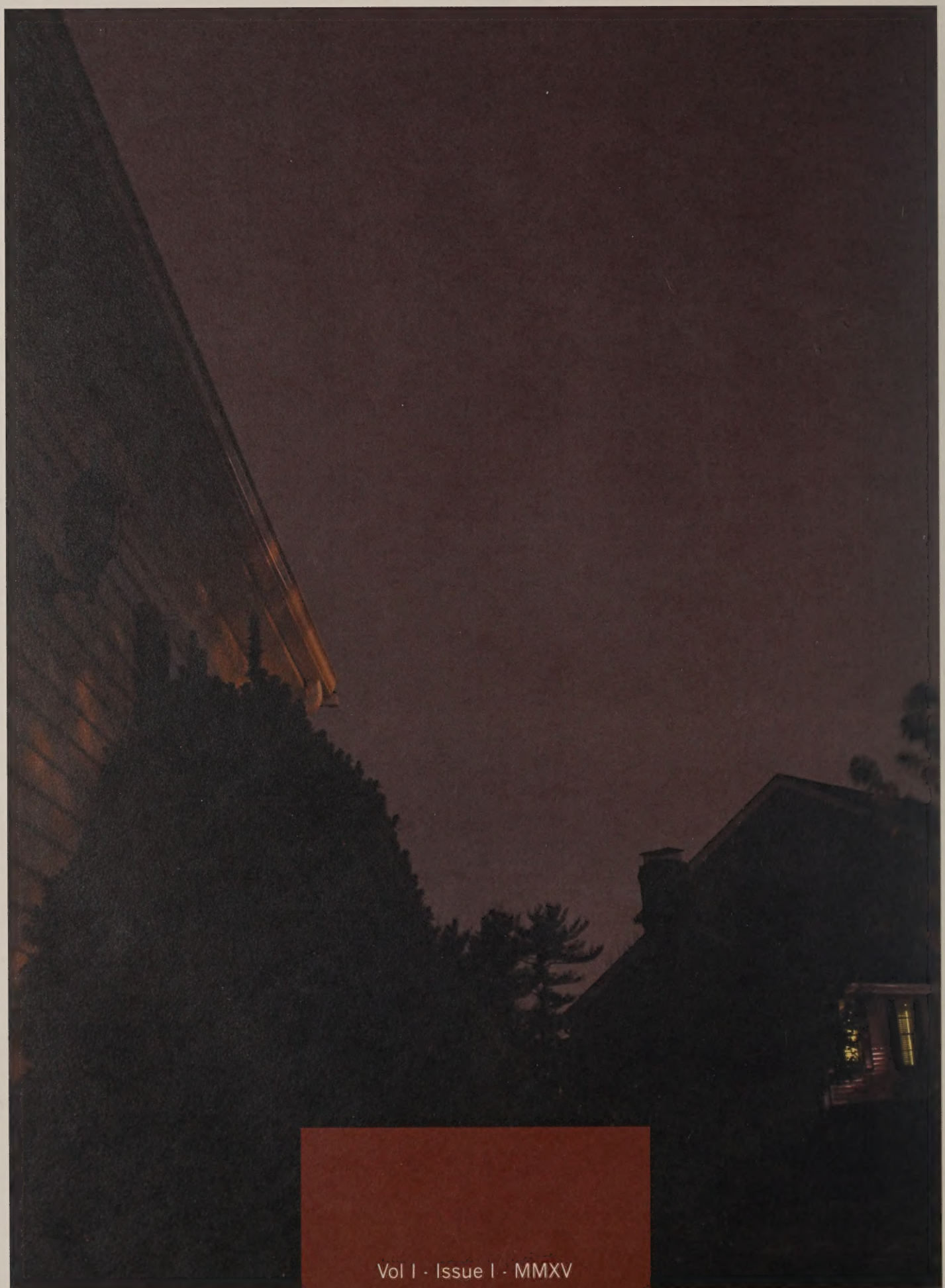
H, O, M, E.

"Home," one of the girls repeated sadly, the emotion of this man's passing starting to have an effect on her. We went into this thinking that it would be a silly thing to do for the end of the semester and it already seemed a bit heavier than we were expecting.

"Where did you work?" we questioned. Like clockwork, the pointer glided over the letters to spell the word "home" again. The information we were getting confused us all and maybe we weren't taking it seriously enough, because he stopped responding after a moment. When I asked if he was still there, the planchette finally moved to the section of the board where the letters "goodbye" were written clearly. We said our goodbyes to this unknown ghost and I still couldn't help but feel skeptical about it all.

Later that night, when I was nervous about reviews tomorrow and therefore unable to sleep, I typed "Boston death records" into Google on a whim. Using the information we learned from the board, I looked through the alphabetical records online until I came across something strange. William O. Macdonald, died in 1903.

And I haven't used the board since.



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